

## On The Farm -- Age Four

The weeds grow round  
The windows, briars  
With the light on the jay,  
Past the dump, rust

There's love in the shadows,  
They bloom on dark lawns  
And the love is cool.

In the dark  
Of house and trees  
A white dress  
Plays croquet.

The leaves are happy  
And move so in the wind.  
The shadows of the leaves  
On house walls are summer

It is distant past the trees,  
A humming of crickets, a  
Horizon of provider, and seashore  
And ice cream.

## Battery

There you were, poet, reading about the bootleggers  
And listening to the radio,  
When suddenly the music stopped.

As it had in that sudden wind of June off the Battery  
When Allane moved down the deck of the ferry  
And shouted that you, though cold in eye,

Were what she could cook and lie for, accepting  
ashtrays  
On the brow and furniture scattered on the lawn.  
The music did not just lose its form; it stopped.

She always used to just like to sit in the sun,  
In a park, on a blanket, sit in the sun on Saturday  
Until the music began again like the warning of



*Polite leaves by the window open to the unloving bed  
And snoring despair of one who cried at the raising  
the shades,  
And the old music sighed, then whistled in her bones,  
as she left.*

**-- David Standish**

*Providence, Rhode Island*

**Variation on Whittier's 'Telling the Bees'**

*Swift from the hill  
The path runs.  
One year ago  
I touched her here,  
Warm in the sun  
Under the June  
Fragrance of clover.*

*Above the red  
Barred gate and fence  
The white, clashed horns  
Of the cattle rippled  
Against blue brilliance,  
And the black poplars  
Lay on the sky.*

*Now the bees crawl  
Back to the hive,  
Creped in the evening  
Chill. Doves call.  
The sun drops down,  
Magenta, grave  
In the orange sky.*

**-- Louise Morse**

*Storrs, Connecticut*